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The Two Answers.

"No, Charles, it cannot be. As a friend I shall respect and esteem you; but I cannot be your wife. Have compassion on me, and do not presume further."

Mary Granville stood before me as she spoke, with her hands clasped and her head bowed, trembling like an aspen, and, as I fancied, there were tears in her eyes. She was a beautiful girl, and I had thought her as good and pure as she was beautiful, and, further than this, I had believed that she loved me.

She was an orphan, and had been engaged during the past year in teaching one of our village schools.

Of her early life I knew nothing, save that she had been educated, and moved in good society; and I had reason to believe that at some time her parents had been wealthy, but her father had failed in business, and it had been told me that the sad reverse killed him. I had known that Mary was poor; that she was dependent on her daily labor for support, and the thought that I could offer her a comfortable home, with the advantage of moderate wealth, had given increase to my prospective happiness.

"Do you mean," I cried, vehemently, "that you dismiss me? Am I cast off?" "Then," said I, with more warmth than I might have betrayed under any other circumstances, "I leave you to your self, and while I try to shake off the love that has bound me to you, I only hope that ere you lead another into your net, you will conclude beforehand whether you will keep him."

She looked into my face with a painful, frightened glance, but I did not stop to hear her speak further. I turned and left the house.

I remarked that under other circumstances I might have been more cool and collected in my speech; and what do you suppose, dear reader, the attending circumstances were?

I'll tell you candidly. I was a little heated with wine; I had drunk just enough to warm my blood and give my brain an extra impulse, and my words were not chosen as I should have chosen them had the spirits of wine been absent. As I walked toward home I endeavored to persuade myself that I had fortunately escaped the snare of a coquette; and that I might be better enabled thus to reason, I stopped at the hotel, where I found a few of my companions, and helped to dispose of half a dozen bottles of wine.

On the following morning I awoke with the headache, and when I called to mind the events of the preceding evening, I was anything but happy.

I began to realize how much I had loved Mary Granville. There was an aching void in my heart, and I wept as I contemplated my loss. It was my first love, and its influence penetrated every fibre of my being. The beautiful girl had become more dear to me than I could tell, and I groined in bitter anguish when I thought that she was lost to me forever.

I resolved that I should feel very angry and indignant, but when the sweet face was called to mental view, such feelings melted away, leaving me very sad and desolate.

On the following Sabbath I attended church, where I saw Mary once more. She played the organ as she had done for the past year, and as her fingers swept over the keys, I fancied I could detect a tremulousness which I had never noticed before. Was it imagination, or was it really a plaintiveness, a sadness in expression of her music.

To me, at times, it seemed as though the organ moaned and wept. It was like the wailing of the daughters of Zion by the rivers of Babylon.

When the services were over, and we went out of church, I saw Mary's face. It was pale and wan, as though she had been sick. What could it be? Was she suffering as I had suffered? The thought flashed upon me that some one had told her something to my disadvantage. I had enemies who envied me because I had inherited some wealth, and I fancied, enemies who envied me the love of Mary Granville.

Another week passed, and I became more and more sad and homesick. My business was irksome to me, and my books and papers afforded me no respite. In fact, I could not read, for my mind was never on the page before me. Another Sabbath at church and I saw Mary again. She was paler than before, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping.

During the succeeding week I received a visit from my college chum, Jack Stanton, who had just opened a law office at Berryville. After supper we sat in our cozy parlor smoking our cigars. I suggested that a bottle of wine would not be amiss. Jack shook his head.

"No, Charles," he said; "we'll leave the wine for those who need it."

"You used to drink, Jack."

"Yes; but it never did me any good."

"And do you think that it ever did you any harm?"

"As to that I will not say; it never shall do me any harm. I know it has harmed others as strong as I am. By the way, Charles, isn't Mary Granville here?"

"Yes," said I.

"Do you know her?"

"I then turned away my face and pretended to have heard something at the window."

"I have seen her," I replied, when I had composed myself. "She plays the organ in the church."

"She and I were schoolmates," pursued Stanton; "and speaking of wine brings her to my mind. Do you know anything of her early life?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"Poor Mary! I never think of her without feeling my resolution of total ab-

stinence grow stronger and stronger. When we were school children together her father was the wealthiest man in Berryville, and she and her brother were among the happiest of the happy."

"Mr. Granville was in the habit of drinking wine, and the evil habit grew upon him until he could not go without his brandy."

"He was of social disposition, and in time it came to pass he was often gossily intoxicated. Of course, under such circumstances, one of two things must happen—the man must reform or must sink. Mr. Granville did not reform, and ere many years he died a drunkard's death, leaving his family in poverty and suffering."

"Thomas, the son—four years older than Mary—became dissipated, and at the age of eighteen was killed in a street fight in New York. Mrs. Granville survived her son but a few months—absolutely dying, as the doctor said, of a broken heart."

"Poor Mary, thus left fatherless and motherless, without brother or sister, at the age of fifteen, was forced to earn the bread she ate—and not by any means an easy task. You know her, Charles, you know one of the noblest women that ever lived. But what's the matter? Why, bless me, you are pale as a ghost."

I struggled hard with myself, and told Jack that I had swallowed a lot of cigar smoke. I arose, and opening one of the casements, stepped out from the balcony, where the fresh air restored me.

At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel, and when I had retired to my chamber I paced to and fro until long after midnight. I could no longer understand the motive which had actuated Mary in rejecting my hand. She knew that I was in the habit of using wine, and that on that evening, when we met, she must have discovered that I had drunk enough to bring a false flush to my cheek.

"Oh, my God!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair, "I wonder not that she refused to place her future life in my keeping. She has suffered enough from the accursed cup. The night of sorrow and desolation has been long upon her. She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening path in life led toward the pit in which the loved ones of other days had fallen. But," I asked myself, "why did she not tell me the whole truth?"

I found no difficulty in answering the question. She had shrank from wounding my feelings. I knew how sensitive she was, and I knew she was afraid of offending me. Perhaps she thought me proud and headstrong enough to resist such liberty on her part, and perhaps she imagined I might look upon her as offering her hand in consideration of renouncing the wine cup, and that I might spurn her offer.

On Friday night Jack Stanton left me, and on Saturday evening I called at Miss Mary's boarding-house. Mary herself answered my summons. She started when she saw me, and I saw her right hand move quickly toward her heart.

"Mary," I said, speaking calmly, for I had a mighty strength of will to support me, "I have not come to distress you; I have come as a friend, and I humbly ask that you will give me audience for a few moments."

She went into the parlor and I followed her, closing the door behind; and when we were alone, she put the lamp on the table and motioned me to a seat.

"No," said I, "I will not sit down yet. Give me your hand, Mary."

Mechanically she put forth her hands, and I took them in my own. There was a wondering look in her eyes, and a slight flush came to her pale cheeks.

"Mary," I continued, speaking slowly and softly, and I know that moisture was gathering in my eyes, "you must answer me one question. Answer it as you please, and take my solemn assurance that I ask it only for your good. Tell me, do you love me? No, no—do not take your hands away yet. Answer me if you can. Fear not; for I had rather go into endless night than do you wrong. Tell me, Mary, do you love me?"

"I cannot speak falsely," she tremulously whispered, "for my own peace perhaps I love you too well."

"Listen to me for one moment," I added, drawing her nearer to me; "when I have told you that which I have to tell, you shall be the judge."

She did not strive to free her hands, but looked up eagerly in my face, and her eyes beamed with a hopeful light.

"You know Jack Stanton?" I said.

"Yes," she replied.

"He was my best friend when we were at college, and my friendship has not grown less. He came to see me, and told me the trials and sufferings of one of the schoolmates of his earlier days."

"Oh, Mary, I know well why my hand was refused, and I blame you not. It may be that our paths will be different through life, but you shall at least know that he whom you have loved will so live that he shall not be unworthy of your kindest remembrance. I know that I have hitherto wandered into the paths of danger, but henceforth I am free from the dread snare. Under the new light that has dawned upon me I hold the wine cup to be a fearful enemy. I would shun it as I would shun a shameful life, and a clouded death-bed. For my own sake will I do this, so that my sainted mother, if she can look upon her boy, can smile approvingly on the course he has chosen."

"And now, Mary, if at some future time you should feel that you can trust your happiness in my keeping, you will give me some token thereof, and I will come and ask for your hand; and should I be my blessed lot to receive it, I will devote every energy in my being to make your life a joyous and peaceful one."

I released her hands, and bowed my

head to wipe away a tear. I turned toward the door, really intending to depart and give her time for reflection, when she pronounced my name; I looked back, her hands were stretched out towards me.

"Not now," I whispered; "I will not ask your answer yet. Watch me—prove me. Only give me to know that I have your love."

I stopped speaking, for Mary's head had been pillowed upon my bosom, and she was weeping like a child.

"Now! now!" she uttered, as I wound my arms around her. "Oh, Charles, I never doubted your truth. I know that you cannot deceive me. May God bless your noble resolution, and let me help you to keep it!"

I cannot tell how long I stopped that evening. I can only tell that I was very happy, and that my prospects of the coming year were bright and glorious.

On the following day—a Sabbath calm and pleasant—the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were no longer in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows, and within the chambers of the new temple, more resplendent far than the old, they sang the songs that aforesaid made joyous the city of their God.

All marked the grandeur of the music that sprang into life beneath the touch of that fair organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning, and all seemed moved by inspiration. To me it was like the outpourings of a redeemed soul, and with bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to its sublime influence. As Mary turned from the instrument I caught her eye. Mine were dimmed with moisture, but hers were bright, gleaming with seraphic light.

Ere many weeks had passed another hand passed over the keys of the organ, for Mary was not in the choir. She knelt before the altar by my side, and over us both the aged clergyman stretched his hands in prayer and blessing.

And we went out of the church together—out in the new life—bound heart to heart and hand to hand, to honor, love, and cherish forevermore.

Names.

Some one has lately been culling curiosities from the Boston City Directory, and among other things finds the name of Smith as usual in the preponderance, there being no less than seven hundred and twenty-two of the name recorded, besides six who have changed the "i" into the more fashionable "y," and two who have added an "e."

Next in order come the Browns, of whom there are five hundred and thirty; of which number thirty-seven are namesakes of that unfortunate one, whose soul at last accounts was "marching on."

There are also twenty-one Browns. He was somewhat surprised to find that, among the Celtic population of Boston, the name of Sullivan occurred four hundred and fifty-three times.

Fourth in order came the Clarks, two hundred and ninety-six of whom claim the city of the Hubbards as the place of their residence or business, besides thirty Clarks whose names end with the everlasting "e."

Fifth are the McCarthys; sixth the O'Briens; seventh the Jones family, eighth the Parkers.

One thing is perhaps creditable to the Smiths; numerous as they are none could be found engaged as brokers. There is an enterprising family, and its members carry on ninety-one different kinds of business.

With building material the Directory is well supplied, containing Stones, Marbles, Woods and Bricks.

There are six Bulls and eight Bullocks; twenty-two Lambs and nine Shepherds; forty-four Foxes and four Hogs. No Pigs could be found, but possibly the juvenile Hogs will pass as such.

There are thirteen Tripps and six Trotts and two Trotters; eight Tucks, ninety-three Tuckers and eleven Tuckermans; fifty-two Richs and eighteen Poores and a multitude of Longs and Shorts, Youngs and Olds.

There are sixty-two who boast the melancholy name of Coffin, but none are physicians; perhaps the name would be too suggestive.

There are all sorts of men in this record. Allman, Beckman, Boardman, Bowman, Brayman, Butman, Cashman, Chessman, Chipman, Cloutman, Cardman, Redman, Crossman, Wiseman, Wellman, Sickman, and a host of others that would put our types out of sorts.

Some of our ancient celebrities would be somewhat surprised could they see themselves as represented there. Walter Scott figures as a hair dresser, and George Washington as a waiter.

There are also one Queen, one hundred and thirteen Kings, and thirty-six Princes; fifty-three Mams, nineteen Dames, and twenty-five Ladds, and forty-three individuals who are blessed with the highly euphonic and yet somewhat suggestive name of Roach.

The adjective "good" in the formation of names appears to have been abundantly used; there is Good, Goodall, Goodfellow, Goodman, Goodmanson, Goodnow, Goodrich, Goodridge, Goodsell, Goodwillie, Goodwin, Goodyear.

In the fuel line they have Coal and Wood; and in metals, Gold, Brass, and Silver.

In colors they have Green, Blue, Black, White and Gray.

There are thirty-five that are Fowle, and twenty-five that are Fowler.

Mr. Wm. Cameron of Petersburg, Virginia, just returned from abroad, brought home a pair of ostriches, which he turned loose upon his lawn. The index says, "two interesting colored children and several pigs" are missing since.

Nasby Reaches Home.

HIS FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL JOUKEY.

PORT OFFICE, CONFIDENT X ROADS, (which is in the State of Kentucky.)

I am at home, and glad as I that I am at home. Here in Kentucky, surrounded by democrats, immersed a part of the time in my offshoot duties, and the balance of the time in whiskey, with the privilege of wallowing in the more inestimable and soothing privilege of mobbin northern abolitionists, who are not yet all out of the state, time passes pleasantly, and leaves no vain regrets. I al-luz go to bed nites feelin that the day hez not bin wastid.

From Detroit the presidential cavalcade, or, ez the infamous Jacobin radical party irreverently term it, the menajery, proceeded to Chicago. The recepshuns his Imperial Highness received through Michigan, were flatterin in the extreme. I continue my diary:

ISLANDY. At this pint the president displayed that originality and fertility of imaginashen characteristic uv him. The recepshun wuz grand. The masses kalled for Grant, and his Highness promptly responded. He asked em ef he wuz Judis Iskarrit, who wuz the Saviour? Thad. Stevens? If so, then after swingin round the circle, and finlin traitors at both ends uv the line, I levee 36 states with 36 stars onto em in your hands and—

The train wuz off amid loud shouts uv "Grant, Grant," to which the president responded by wavin his hat.

ANXIOUS. At this pint the train moved in to the inspirin shouts uv a band playin "Hale to the Chief," and vociferous cries uv "Grant, Grant." His majesty smilinly appeared and thanked em for the demonstration. It wuz soothin, he remarked, the air thair hand wuz playin, "Hale to the Chief," wuz appropriet, ef he wuz the chief magistrat uv the nashun, to chief position he had reached, bevin bin alderman uv his native village, U. S. senator, etcetera. The crowd holloed "Grant, Grant," and the president thanked em fur the demonstration. It showed him that the people wuz with him in his efforts to close his eyes on a Union wuz 36 states, and a flag uv 36 stars onto it. "Ef I am a traitor," sed he, warm up, "who is the Judis Iskarrit? Ez I am swingin around the circle, I find Thad. Stevens on the one side and Jeff. Davis on the other."

The conductor cruelly startid the train without giving him time to finish.

The crowd proposed three cheers for Grant, and the president waved his hat to em sayin that he thanked em, showin ef it did that the people wuz with him.

BATTLE CREEK. A large number wuz assembled here, who, ez the train stoped, yelled "Grant, Grant!" Affected in tears by the warmth uv the recepshun, the president thanked em for this mark uv confidence. Ef he ever hed enny doubts ez to the people's ben with him, these doubts wuz removed. He wud leave in their hands the flag and the Union uv 36 states and the stars thereto appertainin. Ef he wuz a Judis Iskarrit, who wuz—

The crowd gave three hearty cheers for Grant ez the train moved off, to which the president responded by wavin his hat.

KALAMAZOO. The offshells were on hand and so wuz the people—4 offshells and several thousand people, which the latter greeted us with cheers for Grant. The president responded, sayin, that in swingin round the circle he hed bin kalled Judis Iskarrit fur sacrificin uv himself fur the people! Who wuz the Saviour? Wuz Thad. Stevens? No! Then clearly in to your hands I levee the constutushun uv 36 stars with 36 states onto em, intact and undisevered.

The offshells received the stars and states, and amid cheers for Grant, fur which the president thanked em, the train glode off magestically.

And so on to Chicago, where we didn't get off our speech, the from the manner in which the people holloed Grant! Grant! we felt cheered at realizin how much they wuz with us. His eminence wanted to sling the 36 states and the flag with the stars at em, but ez Gen. Logan wuz there ready to fling em back, it wuz deemed highly prudent not to do it.

Here my trials commenset. At the Bid-dle House in Detroit, the nigger waiters showed how much a African can be spiled by bein free. They hed the impudence to refuse to wait on us! and for half a hour the imperial stummick wuz forced to fast. This alarmin manifestashun uv negro malignancy alarmed his Egegality.